

4

THE K
ICH MAN's
ARNING-PIECE;
OR THE
ppressed INFANTS
IN
G L O R Y.



TINGHAM: Printed by S. CRESWELL.

T H E
Rich - Man's
WARNING-PIECE

Here observe the antient Father on his death bed, giving the Farmer strict Charge of his children.



YOU rich Men all that do in London dwell,
Give ear unto this story which I do tell,
And be content with what the Lord has gave,
To wrong the Poor before you no way Crave.

In READING Town a Farmer liv'd of late,
Who had a very plentiful Estate.

Yet he to covet more was always seen,
Alas ! he lost his soul for sake of Gain.

A wealthy inn keeper there lived near.
Who had indeed two lovely infants dear ;
But he by cruel death was snatch'd away.
Leaving these babies fatherless, they say.

Upon his death bed, for a truth we hear,
for this Farmer sends with many a Tear,
ring, kind Sir, I now do eate to you,
worldly Rose begging you to be true.
hold the delivery of the children to the cruel, covet-
ous and Bloody Minded Farmer.

E kind to these, my tender Infants dear,
I leave my Son Three Hundred Pounds a Year,
and to my Daughter that's of beauteous mold,
eave to her Two Thousand Pounds in Gold.
But if thy die e'er they of age do come
that I leave them shall fairly be thy own,
by my infants do the thing that's fair,
ey were my Pride and all my worldly care;
Then said the Farmer, Sir, pray be tont at,
if that I e'er wrong the innocent,
eaven destroy my Substance; and my soul
evermore in enbless Torments howl.
So for these Infants dear, he sent straitway,
eaven preserve my babes, he then did say
almighty G O D I do you Recon-mend,
nd so Deliver'd them unto his Friend.

ark how he agrees with a barbarous nurse to staine
the Children.

THE Inn-keeper being laid in the grave,
The miser for the children's Gold did crave.
d now to work their ends he fels a way,
us innocence he b fly did betray.
A Nerie he seeks, liv'd fifteen miles from town,
here the Inn-keepers daughter ar d son
sent to nurse, onto a wretch severe,
ho cruelly us'd these sweet infants dear.
This Farmer gave her twenty pounds in hand,
nd more she was to have at we Use stand.
without disgrace to him she could c nri e,
these babes so innocent to have a life,

This Nurse she took this cruel deed in hand,
Within a little time we understand,
For want of food these lovely children dear,
Began to look both pale and wan we hear.

Now mind how the poor Children fly to the Wood
where they live on the fruit of the trees.

O Nurse give us some Bread, they oft did cry.
Or else with Hunger great we soon shall die,
But she was deaf to all their piteous cries,
Nor bread enough to keep them both alive

The son he aged was but seven years,
The daughter five, as for a truth we hear.
Alas ! poor babes, their fate was very hard,
Tho' wealth enough, to death they must be starv'd.

One day the boy unto his sister said,
Come sister dear, let us go seek our bread ;
So hand in hand they wander'd both away,
At length they came unto a wood, they say,

They being tir'd upon the ground they set,
Till silent night came on, and then they wept.
Heavy with Sleep they gently laid them down,
The ground it serv'd instead of bed of down,
How one of the children died and how they were
found by a Gentleman riding a Hunting.

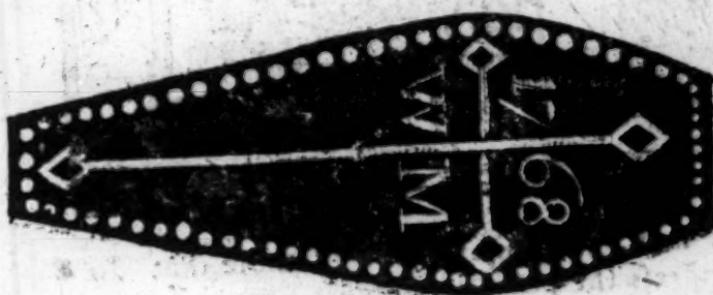
THUS in distress these tender infants lay,
Till day light came, when having lost the way
With hunger great the girl next day did die.
Then greater was the boys extremity.

Alas ! poor babe he wrong his hands and cry'd,
Oh ! I do wish my father had not dy'd.
The Gras he pull'd, and eat it as he sat,
Then by his sister laid him down and wept.

A Gentleman a hunting chance'd to ride,
Where to his great surprize the Babes he espy'd ;
And hearing of the piteous groan he made,
He stopt unto the child, and thus he said.

How came you here, child, pray let me know ;
 Who are your friends ? and whither would you go ;
 Is that your sister that lies by you here ?
 The child he could not speak for bitter tears.

Behold the poor Children's Funeral, who were both
 buried in one Grave.



UNTO an Inn he took the child straitway,
 Telling how the other dead then lay ;
 At length the child began to them to speak,
 And so his sad misfortunes did relate.

How by his cruel nurse he starved were,
 And how to seek for Bread they wander'd there ;
 How in that lonesome wood they lost their way.
 Where then his tender sister she did lay.

But of his parentage he little knew,
 Nor who caus'd the misfortune he went through ;
 He was but seven years of age, we hear,
 So had no sense the truth for to declare.

They gave him food his spirits to revive,
 And us'd all means to keep this child alive.
 But all in vain, to death he yielded soon.
 So both within one grave they did entomb.

Observe the covetous farmer upon his bed, tormented
 with horrid dreams and apparitions.



BUT now, you wisers, - and all those that do
Oppress the poor my Subject listen to ;
See how the mighty God doth bring to light
The deed that hateful is within his sight.

The Nurse missing the children strait did go,
Unto the farmer, to see if he did know
What was become of them, for they were fled,
The farmer said, I hope they both are dead

And if in two month's time they come no more,
I shall reward you as I said before.
So after them make no inquiry pray,
It is no matter where they gone astray.

This ill got gain it did him little good,
As to the world it was plainly understood,
For he no rest upon his bed could take,
From frightful dreams he oftentimes would awake.

Mark the cruel Farmer's Funeral being buried while he
lay in a trance.

THIS fill'd his soul with anguish, and his mind,
So on a bed of sickness we him find.
In sickness sore for ten days space he lay,
With sad tormented Conscience night and day.

Then as all thought this man did yield to death,
 In sumptuous sort he was laid in the Earth,
 Where he four days within the grave did lie,
 In another corpse his body was put by

The grave-digger he heard the dismal moan
 Of sighs and groans within the silent ground,
 So in a fright to the people he did go,
 That they the meaning of this thing might know,

They broke the Coffin open where they see
 A spectacle ! a Man of misery ;
 Crying save me, save me from thy mighty rod,
 And heavy scourge of my offended God

SOON after they convey'd him to his bed,
 And sending for a Minister, 'tis said,
 Who when he saw he out aloud did cry,
 I am ruin'd Sir to all eternity.

The infants dear that they had in their care,
 I basely starv'd to death I do declare,
 For the sake of gain. Now all the wealth I have
 I'd freely give so that I could but have

Some space of time for to repen
 But from hence my wandring soul it went,
 I like a dog was hurried to and fro,
 By fiends who drag'd me to the gulph of woe.

Which was we once poor mortals for to see,
 They'd soon reform and shun all Vanity.
 They'd never strive the poor for to oppres,
 Nor wrong the widow nor the fartheless.

Mark how the Farmer tells the manner of his vision to
 the Minister.

THREE Persons who had liv'd in splendor great
 Unto the minister he did relate,
 Some things which had of them to him been told,
 Desiring him the same for to unfold.

As they were pulling me into their den,

My frighted senses did return again,

I am sent to the rich for to relate,

Without repentance what will be their fate.

Souls roaring in the flames, I there did bear,

And as my Soul stood trembling there for fear,

Into the hottest Place they drag'd me in.

Where I this day must now return again.

They took me then unto my bitter grief,

And shew'd me those babes wanting no relief,

Array'd in Robes that whiter were then snow,

With crowns of gold were walking to and fro'

All innocence did in their face appear ;

They sung sweet hymns unto their saviour dear,

In vain, alas ! I now for mercy cry,

I must return unto my misery.

Then roaring out with Pain, he did depart

Leaving his friends opprest with grief of heart,

I hope this will a warning be to all,

That hear his wretched end and dismal fall.

It is a mighty custom now become,

The poor to hunt like dogs about the town ;

Rich men consider what our saviour dear,

Does say against the Rich that are severe.

F I N I S.

